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# The Bellefontaine Republican.

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VOLUME XLVII.

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1901.

NUMBER 49.

**KERR BROTHERS,**  
DEALERS IN  
Grain, Seeds, Wool,  
**COAL.**  
Salt, Etc.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR  
**GRAIN, SEEDS**

—AND—  
**WOOL.**  
ALL THE BEST GRADES OF  
Soft and Hard  
**Coal,**  
"Quaker Salt,"—The Best.  
TELEPHONE 48. July 28, '98.

**MONEY.**  
PER CENT. 54 PER CENT. 5 PER CENT.  
Money loaned on Real Estate Security at 5  
per cent. 54 per cent. and 5 per cent. accord-  
ing to value of security.  
With Liberal Privileges of Partia  
Payments.  
Home money at 5 per cent.  
Wm. W. Riddle, Office over People's  
National Bank,  
Bellefontaine, O.  
February 3, 1899.

**AM NOW AT THE OAK**  
AND HAVE A FIRST-CLASS  
**Restaurant**  
Curtis Old Stand.  
**Tom J. Hellings.**  
(C. 12, 1899).

**Frank R. Griffin,**  
DENTIST.  
Special Attention Given to Operations on the  
Natura. Teeth and the Care of  
Children's Teeth.  
Office Room 20 Lawrence Bldg  
Bellefontaine, O.

**Auctioneer!**  
H. P. Runyon is having great success in  
selling real estate and is prepared to answer all  
calls on short notice.  
Address me at Dayton or leave orders at  
Republican Office, Bellefontaine,  
February 5, 1899. H. P. RUNYON

**Public Auctioneer**  
Public Sales of all kinds of real  
estate and personal property at  
reasonable rates.  
Address me at Dayton or leave orders at  
Republican Office, Bellefontaine,  
February 5, 1899. H. P. RUNYON

**FARMERS!**  
I will pay the highest CASH price for  
Corn,  
Apples,  
Potatoes,  
Eggs,  
Poultry,  
Wild Game  
DURING SEASON.  
GUS. BERNDT, 100 East  
Nov. 24, 1899. Chillicothe Ave.

**For Your Family or Your Horse**  
Keep on  
Hand Always  
**Sloan's Liniment**  
It kills germs in a marvelous man-  
ner. It is the best antiseptic known  
and positively cures  
Rheumatism, Cramp and Colic.  
Invaluable as a liniment for family  
use, as well as a horse liniment.  
Can be taken internally or externally, and is warranted to be in  
every way as represented. Sold by druggists and dealers generally.  
Family Size bottles, 25 cts. Horse Size bottles, 50 cts. and \$1.00.

1869. **COLTON BROS.**  
MILLERS,  
We Began Making

**PEERLESS FLOUR**  
In Bellefontaine in 1869. We  
are still making it.  
It is the Kind of Flour  
**THAT MAKES GOOD BREAD.**  
The Kind of Bread You Like.  
All Grocers Sell it.  
Bakers Use it.  
Bread Makers Like it.  
It is the Standard of Excellence.  
We always want to Buy Wheat.  
We always Want to Sell Mill Feed.

**KELLER & DOWELL**  
DEALERS IN  
Grain Seeds  
Wool, Salt,  
CEMENTS,  
CALCINED PLASTER  
and all the best grades of  
**SOFT and HARD Coal.**  
WAREHOUSE AND OFFICE.  
220 West Columbus Ave., Bellefontaine,  
August 25, 1899.

**Children's Eyes.**  
We make a specialty of examining and fitting  
**Children's Eyes**  
GLASSES.  
Two Years and Six Months Old.  
SUMMERFIELD, O., Aug. 19, 1899.  
I wish to state that when my little boy was  
two years and six months old, we found that  
his little eyes were in a bad condition. We  
had him examined by Dr. W. R. Spittle and to our  
delight found that they were just what he needed  
and now his eyes are entirely well and much stronger.  
Dr. Spittle also fitted my own eyes with glasses  
since then which have given perfect satis-  
faction.  
MRS. RUTH E. OSBORNE.

**C. A. MILLER,**  
Bellefontaine, O., Oct. 31, 1899.  
Oor. Main and Chillicothe.

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## THE UNEXPECTED.

MARY SAWYER, IN ZION'S HERALD

"Dear me!" Mrs. Hamilton rose  
swiftly from her seat at the sewing-  
machine and hurried into the hall to  
answer the telephone bell. A few mo-  
ments later she came back and resumed  
her work.  
"Dear me!" she said again. "It is  
so vexatious, when I told him this  
morning that we had plenty of cold  
meat. Partridges are dear now, too,  
for they are out of season. And I did  
want to get this dress of Grace's done  
before dark."  
She stitched for a few moments longer.  
Then, gathering up her work, she  
folded it away in her large work ba-  
cket.  
"If I am to cook partridges for sup-  
per, I must have a coal fire. So,"  
glancing at the clock, "I must get it  
under way at once. William is always  
punctual when he is bringing home  
anything he especially likes for his  
supper."  
She reproached herself for this re-  
mark almost instantly. "Of course he  
likes a variety; why shouldn't he have  
it when he works hard to supply all  
our needs. He grudges me nothing—  
why should I be vexed over this little  
extra cooking?"  
Her annoyance was but temporary,  
therefore, and when she heard her hus-  
band's step in the hall she ran to the  
foot of the stairs and called to him,  
cheerfully,  
"Bring your partridges down here,  
William. I'm all ready for them, and  
the fire is burning splendidly."  
Receiving no reply, she went back  
into the kitchen. He had not heard  
her, but he would be down directly,  
she said to herself. She went into the  
dining-room and turned the gas higher.  
He might come through it, and it  
would not do for him to stumble against  
the table.  
A few moments later her husband  
joined her. The voice was cold.  
"Why are you down here?" he said,  
in a displeased tone.  
"I wanted to be all ready for your  
partridges. Where are they?"  
"My partridges? What do you  
mean? When did I say anything about  
partridges?"  
"Not two hours ago. You called me  
up, and said you would bring home  
partridges for supper. And I came  
down to have everything in readiness.  
They can't be cooked in a moment."  
"You will not be troubled by them  
tonight. I said nothing about par-  
tridges."  
"You certainly did."  
"You are mistaken."  
"I heard you distinctly. You said—"  
"I said I intended to bring home  
partridges, George. Partridges. And I  
must say I expected to find you upstairs  
instead of pottering around down here."  
"You must explain my mistake to  
him. He is a sensible man. He will  
understand why I was not there to re-  
ceive him."  
Mr. Hamilton's face relaxed a little.  
"Partridges? Partridges! I can't  
think how you could confound the  
two!" he said.  
"I thought I understood you, but  
never mind now. You must go back  
upstairs at once. Send the children  
down in a few moments, please. I'm  
afraid they are not quite tidy."  
"Tidy!" in a voice which brought  
a swift color into his wife's cheeks—  
"tidy!" moving toward the door,  
"I send them down, and you must  
get off that calico dress."  
"I'll change it before I see him. Go  
up and stay with him, do! I must  
alter the table and get up a different  
meal altogether."  
"It seems as if a man never could bring  
home his friends and find things as they  
ought to be," muttered Mr. Hamilton,  
leaving the room in evident ill-temper.  
At the close of the evening, after the  
departure of their guest, it became  
plain to Mrs. Hamilton that his dis-  
pleasure had not been materially less-  
ened by the appetizing supper she had  
prepared, nor by the pains she had taken  
with her own personal appearance. He  
stopped suddenly before her, after  
pacing up and down the room.  
"When I bring home a man like  
Partridge, a man of brains and educa-  
tion, it is strange you can't appear as if  
you knew what he was talking about!  
If you don't know anything about his-  
tory, for pity's sake, need you say so?  
I'd read until I did know something, if  
I were in your place!"  
The tone, the words, seemed brutal  
to Mrs. Hamilton. She controlled her-  
self by a great effort.  
"I would like to be a thoroughly well  
read woman. But with the house and  
the children and the sewing and the  
cooking, I really cannot get the time."  
"Fudge! Nonsense! Where there  
is a will, there is a way."  
"Not always."  
Mr. Hamilton resumed his restless  
pacing of the room. "I'd find the time  
to know something about my own coun-  
try, I guess," he declared.  
Mrs. Hamilton left the room quietly.  
There was still an hour's work to be  
done downstairs, she said.  
"Fudge! Nonsense!" retorted her  
husband.  
A few evenings later Mr. Hamilton

came home to his supper at his usual  
hour. He opened the door with latch-  
key and found himself in an unlighted  
hall.  
"Clara!" he called.  
"Yes. What is it?"  
"The gas isn't lighted, and the hall  
is as dark as a pocket!"  
No response came from the sewing-  
room at the end of the hall, from which  
a faint stream of light issued. Stumbl-  
ing toward it, Mr. Hamilton uttered an  
exclamation of surprise as he pushed  
the door open. In the one large easy  
chair sat his wife. Upon the table be-  
side her was a shaded lamp. In her  
hand was a large book, and upon its  
pages her eyes were fixed. She did not  
look up when he entered the room and  
walked up to the table.  
After a moment's stealthy scrutiny  
of her face he turned away. He went  
back into the hall and struck a match  
noisily, and lighted the gas. Then,  
feeling his way, he went downstairs.  
Instead of the bright, cheerful dining  
room, with the table attractively spread  
for the evening meal, he found dark-  
ness.  
Utterly a purposely loud explanation  
of disgust, he went into the kitchen.  
Here, too, was darkness. Striking  
several matches, he at last succeeded in  
reaching the gas. He rubbed his eyes  
when the strong light filled the room.  
In the sink were the breakfast dishes,  
unwashed; on the tables were plates of  
broken food; on the stove were the un-  
washed kettles and pans.  
Mr. Hamilton strode through the  
cold room and called to his wife.  
"Clara! What has happened down  
here? Has the range given out?  
Where's the supper?"  
No reply came. He hurried upstairs,  
breathing heavily.  
"Mrs. Hamilton, what's the matter?"  
Mrs. Hamilton turned a page and  
read with absorbed attention.  
"Clara!" shouted her husband from  
the doorway.  
She looked at him for a moment.  
"Not so loud, please!" she said, re-  
turning to her book.  
"What's the matter? Clara, I say,  
what has happened to the range?"  
Mrs. Hamilton turned another page.  
A sudden fear seized upon her hus-  
band. Insanity! She had lost her  
senses!  
He stole softly across the carpet and  
grasped the book she held.  
"Don't!" she said. "Pray go away.  
You are interrupting me."  
"Clara! Are you sick, or are you  
crazy?"  
"Sick? No. Go away, do. I am so  
interested."  
Her tone was natural. Mr. Hamilton  
discarded his momentary theory of in-  
sanity. His voice became more impera-  
tive.  
"It is supper time! Where are the  
children? Where is the supper? Clara,"  
loudly, "where is the supper?"  
Mrs. Hamilton partially closed her  
book and looked at him.  
"The supper? You said the supper?"  
"Did!"  
"Well," yawning, "I suppose it is  
getting late, but I must finish this book.  
I don't care about food, but I do want  
to know who succeeded to the throne  
after—"  
"The throne be hanged!" interrupted  
Mr. Hamilton. "Where are the children?"  
"The children? Let me see. Oh, I  
remember! You'll find them at your  
sister's. I!"  
"At Helen's? Why in time did you  
send them there?"  
Mrs. Hamilton resumed her reading.  
"Four days for housekeeping, two for  
my reading," she said, quietly.  
Mr. Hamilton started at her a mo-  
ment. Then he burst into a hearty  
laugh.  
"See! I understand!" he said.  
He left the room still laughing. He  
whistled as he went down to the  
kitchen.  
In a few moments his wife joined him.  
"You go for the children, she said; but,  
William, before you go, tell me this—  
Is it possible for a woman to keep up  
her education while she is doing house-  
work, mending, sewing, receiving call-  
ers, and making calls, etc?"  
"I was a brute that night, Clara.  
You know more than most women do."  
"No," sadly, "I have not kept up as  
I should. But I mean to, William.  
The children must wear plainer cloth-  
ing, and so must their mother, for their  
mother must not be an ignoramus."  
"And their father must not require  
such a vast amount of cooking as he has  
in the past. He must be content with  
simpler meals."  
"The cooking is more important than  
the frills, the latest sleeves, etc. The  
time for reading must be taken from  
the unimportant matters."  
Mr. Hamilton thought with a keen  
regret of the work he had so often  
thoughtlessly made for the patient wo-  
man who stood beside him. He stooped  
and kissed her with a tenderness  
which brought quick tears to her eyes.  
"Two heads are better than one,  
William. We'll talk it over by and by. In  
the meantime, help me to begin the New  
Year well by giving me bread and milk  
tonight. The children will like it, and  
so will their father."  
Mr. Hamilton went after the children  
presently. As he passed a church he  
saw a multitude of people entering it.

"The old year out—the new year in!"  
he thought.  
He walked on with new purpose form-  
ing in his mind. The new year should  
be different from the old—there should  
be more time found for enjoyment of  
life. Things should be made easier for  
his wife; they would make life higher  
and holier. It should be a new year—a  
year of love to God and love to man.  
He spoke of these thoughts, that even-  
ing. He was alone with his wife. She  
listened with sympathetic interest.  
She said little, but her few words satis-  
fied and cheered him.  
The next morning, at the window  
when the clocks rang out the year.  
Soon the worshippers in the churches  
filled the streets. Something of the  
solemnity of the hour passed from them  
to him. He looked up into the deep  
mysterious realm of starry space, and a  
strange new sense of companionship  
came to him. He found himself repeat-  
ing words long half-forgotten: "If I  
ascend up to heaven, Thou art there.  
If take the wings of the morning, and  
dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,  
even there shall Thy hand lead me.  
Yea, the darkness hideth me not from  
Thee. The Lord is thy keeper."  
Presently the sound of footsteps in the  
street died away. All was still again.

## ONE WAY SETTLERS' RATES

Via Ohio Central Lines.  
On the first and third Tuesdays of  
each month special low rate, One Way  
Settlers' Tickets will be sold by agents  
of the Ohio Central Lines to points in  
Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky,  
Mississippi, North and South Carolina,  
Tennessee and Virginia.  
For full particulars, rates, routes,  
etc., call on any agent of the Ohio Cen-  
tral Lines, or address the nearest pas-  
senger representative below:  
John Moore, T. P. Agent, Findlay,  
S. G. Harvey, Pass. Agent, Toledo.  
D. J. Cargo, Pass. Agent, Toledo.  
W. P. Peters, Pass. Agent, Columbus.  
E. E. Heiner, Pass. Agent, Charle-  
stown, W. Va. 47-8

## OREGON, WASHINGTON AND IDAHO

are the states to which a large immi-  
gration is now directed. You should  
take advantage of the opportunities,  
and the greatly reduced rates. This  
wonderful country fully and accurately  
described and illustrated in a new  
booklet with a large map, which will  
be mailed to any address upon receipt  
of six cents in postage by W. B. KNIS-  
KERN, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

## SPECIAL TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO

via Chicago & Northwestern R'y, to  
leave Chicago Tuesday, July 9th, 11:59  
p. m. Stops will be made at Denver,  
Colorado Springs, Greenwood Springs  
and Salt Lake, passing enroute, the  
finest scenery in the Rocky and Sierra  
Nevada Mountains. Party will be lim-  
ited in number and under personal di-  
rection of Tourist-Department, Chicago  
& Northwestern R'y. Only \$50 round  
trip with choice of routes returning.  
Send stamp for illustrated itinerary  
to the south side of the river, to  
D. W. Aldridge, 234 Superior Street,  
Cleveland, Ohio. 43-61

## EXCURSION RATES

To Toledo Via Ohio Central Lines.  
Account meeting of Coal Dealers' As-  
sociation, Toledo, Ohio, July 17th, 1899.  
Ohio Central Lines will sell excursion tickets  
at one fare round trip, good going June  
9, 10 and 11, and good returning until  
June 17th, 1900. The Ohio Central is the  
direct line to Toledo; look at Map  
in another column of this paper.

## Republican State Convention.

Excursion rates to Columbus via  
Ohio Central Lines from all stations in  
Ohio. Tickets on sale June 23 and 24,  
good returning until June 26, at rate of  
One Fare Round Trip. For full par-  
ticulars call on agents of Ohio Central  
Lines. 47-2

## OHIO CENTRAL LINES.

Special Rate Excursions.  
Detroit, Mich.—Account of the Na-  
tional Educational Association July 7th  
to 12th, rate of one fare plus \$2.00 will  
be effective. We will have some spe-  
cial service to accommodate our pa-  
trons on this occasion. Tickets good  
returning until Sept. 1st, upon pay-  
ment of 50 cents additional.  
W. M. SEDGAR, Agent.

## ARE YOU GOING TO THE EXPO- SITION?

You should not miss seeing the Beau-  
tiful Rainbow City. Rates to Buffalo  
are low. Confer with Agents of the  
Ohio Central Lines as to special low  
rate excursion tickets, dates of sale,  
limits, etc. Choice of Routes: you can  
go via all rail or via the Lake Erie  
Boat Lines, or you can go one way  
and return the other.  
Just ask Agents of the Ohio Central  
Lines about it. 43-41

## POCKET MAP OF CHINA.

Latest indexed map of Chinese Em-  
pire, with enlarged map of portion of  
China where difficulty exists, and other  
valuable information relating to pres-  
ent crisis. Copy mailed on receipt of  
two cents in postage by W. B. KNIS-  
KERN, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## PRIVATE BURNS' RISK.

A Deed as Daring as Funston's by a  
Soldier in the Civil War.  
When the newspaper correspondents  
in the Philippines wrote the story of  
Colonel Funston swimming a river in  
the face of a hot fire from the Phil-  
ippines, the whole world admired his brave-  
ry, and a grateful government made  
him a general. Yet a South Bend (Ind.)  
man when but a lad performed a more  
dangerous feat than Funston did and  
went unrewarded in proportion to  
what he did deserve.  
When the civil war broke out, Mr. A.  
M. Burns was a bit of a lad 14 years  
old, living in a little town in Wiscon-  
sin. On the call for volunteers he ap-  
plied to the nearest recruiting station,  
but the officer in charge laughed at  
him and told him to go back home and  
grow some. But this did not discour-  
age him, and he applied to influential  
friends who secured him a place as a  
drummer boy with the Tenth Wiscon-  
sin, and he started out in the greatest  
glory. For a year he sounded the drum  
with this regiment and at the end of  
that time he was discharged as a  
drummer, but Burns wanted to be a  
real soldier, and he went into the ranks  
with a musket on his shoulder for a  
three years' term of service. He was  
in all the battles of the army of the  
Cumberland, including Chickamauga,  
and several times had a close call for  
his life.  
On the afternoon of Sept. 20, 1863,  
Private Burns while in the van of a  
charge was shot through the leg above  
the knee. He received his wound  
about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and  
all that night he lay on the battlefield,  
surrounded by the dead and dying,  
with shot and shell hurling over him.  
About 9 o'clock in the morning he was  
taken to the field hospital, and his  
wound dressed. After weeks of pain  
he recovered and returned to his reg-  
iment and took part in the Atlanta cam-  
paign.

It was at the Chattahoochee river  
that Private Burns performed the deed  
alluded to. The bridge had been de-  
stroyed, and the Confederates had a  
pontoon bridge, but it was on their side  
of the river. The troops of the two ar-  
mies fired at each other from opposite  
sides of the stream, and it looked for  
while as if the march of the Federal  
forces would be stopped. It was left  
to the Tenth Wisconsin to devise  
means for the crossing of the troops,  
and the colonel suggested that the pon-  
toon bridge be captured and called for  
volunteers to swim the river with a  
rope to be fastened to the bridges.  
Private Burns was the first man to  
step three paces to the front. Some of  
the older soldiers thought it would be  
a shame to send such a bit of a boy to  
almost certain death and tried to get  
him to stand aside and let an older  
man take his place. But Burns insist-  
ed that he was the first volunteer and  
was entitled to the commission of the  
task, and the colonel, with tears in his  
eyes, told him to go ahead.  
As soon as it was dark Private  
Burns slipped down to the river, but  
not until he had written a farewell let-  
ter to his home and entrusted it to his  
captain, to be sent if he did not come  
back. The rope was tied about his  
body under the armpits, and he plunged  
into the deep, swift river. The swim-  
mer was soon lost sight of in the dark-  
ness, and it was three-quarters of an  
hour before he returned as silently as  
he had left.  
His comrades had gathered about the  
bank and were waiting in great sus-  
pense, and as he climbed up the bank  
the men picked up the boy and hugged  
him. He had tied the rope to the end  
of the bridge and cut the ropes with  
which the Confederates had fastened it  
to the south side of the river, and the  
soldiers began hauling it around. It  
was not long until the pontoon was in  
position, and the Wisconsin boys, with  
Private Burns in the front rank, charged  
across the bridge, drove the Confed-  
erates back, and what happened after  
that is a matter of history.

Private Burns was the hero of the  
regiment, and he won his spurs over  
again in the Atlanta campaign and was  
mentioned several times in the dis-  
patches for bravery on the field. When  
his term of service had expired, Burns  
went home, but the sound of his  
music to his ears, and he again  
volunteered, expecting to go as a pri-  
vate, but his old colonel insisted with  
the authorities at Washington that  
Burns deserved recognition for his  
services at the Chattahoochee river,  
and he was given a commission as cap-  
tain in the Forty-fourth Wisconsin and  
served nine months, returning home  
when there was no more fighting to do  
—Indianapolis News.

He Filled the Bill.  
There was a fogot party in George-  
town one evening not long ago. Of  
course you know what a fogot party  
is—a party where every guest is ex-  
pected to contribute to the evening's  
entertainment a song or a recitation or  
an anecdote or something equally dis-  
torting. There was voting at the end  
of the evening as to whose story had  
been best, and the prize fell to a girl  
who lives on Maryland avenue.  
This is the story she told, and she  
said the man in it was an uncle of hers  
in Utica, N. Y. He has a wife of the  
ultra good housekeeper sort, and one  
evening she sent him down to the cel-  
lar with a pail to draw some cider.  
The cellar steps were dark and steep,  
and his foot slipped on the second, and  
down he went like an avalanche. The  
housewife heard the noise and ran to  
the top of the stairs to peer down at  
the bruised and battered man at the  
bottom.  
"Did you break the pitcher, George?"  
she asked anxiously.  
"No; drat the blamed thing!" he  
howled. "I didn't break it, but, by  
Jinks, I will!"  
And forthwith he smashed the treas-  
ured pitcher to smithereens on the cel-  
lar floor.—Washington Post.

## HUNTING SWORDFISH

IRONING THE BIG FELLOWS IN THE  
NORTH ATLANTIC.

The Mastheadman and Striker Are  
the Battery Upon Whom Success  
Depends. While the Doryman's  
Work is the Most Novel and Excit-  
ing.

It was toward the close of a Friday  
afternoon that we sighted our first  
swordfish. We had been working our  
way out toward George's Banks  
against variable head winds for three  
days and were lounging about the  
schooner's deck thoroughly tired of do-  
ing nothing when a cry from the mast-  
head sent every man scurrying to his  
place like the last bell at school.  
"Hard up! Hard up!"  
"Steady her!"  
"Keep off a little!"  
"Hard down!"  
It was all over in a minute. The  
vessel bore down as true as a whistle  
for the fish, the striker ironed him  
squarely, the warp whizzed through the  
cook's hands until it was all played out,  
and the barrel buoy thrown overboard,  
a dory was lowered away with a rush,  
and one of the men rowed off to haul  
the catch, while the schooner continued  
her course on the lookout for another.

There were eight of us on board, in-  
cluding the skipper and the cook, and  
except myself all "down east" fisher-  
men who had hunted the swordfish for  
many seasons. The hold of our schooner  
was filled with ice, and we had  
fitted with provisions enough to stay  
out a month if necessary in order to  
get a good load of fish. Most of the  
swordfish that are taken on the New  
England coast come from George's  
Banks, a high ledge about 50 miles  
each way, covered by 30 or 40 fathoms  
of water, which lies about 300 miles  
east of New York and is the great fish-  
ing ground of the north Atlantic. The  
swordfish make this their summer  
home, usually from about the middle  
of June to the middle of September.

There are at least six places to be  
filled on a vessel when catching sword-  
fish, and the average crew contains  
from 8 to 12 men. These must be a  
mastheadman, who watches for the  
fish as they swim along near the top of  
the water, their back and tail fins just  
above the surface, and whose work it  
is when one has been sighted to call  
out directions to the man at the wheel  
so as to put the vessel close to the fish.  
Then there is the striker, who stands  
on a small stand at the head of the  
bowprit to iron the fish when it comes  
within reach. For this purpose he has  
a long pole with an iron pike on the  
end of it. To the end of the pike is at-  
tached a dory which in turn is fasten-  
ed to a rope known as the warp. The  
warp, containing about 100 fathoms, is  
coiled up on the deck with its farther  
end made fast to a barrel buoy. In  
ironing a fish the dory is thrust right  
through him, leaving it buttoned on the  
other side when the pole is drawn out.  
As soon as a fish is struck he heads  
for bottom, and it is the work of the  
warp tender, who is commonly the  
cook, to pay off the warp carefully and  
throw overboard the barrel buoy when it  
is all gone. Then a doryman rows  
out, picks up the barrel and hauls on  
his fish until he has tired him enough  
to pull him alongside of the dory, when  
he lances him in the gills, catches his  
tail with a gaff, runs a strap around it  
and makes the fish fast to the dory un-  
der the schooner's return and hoists the  
catch aboard. In addition to these  
four places there must be a helmsman  
and a man to tend sheets. As most  
boats carry four dories, moreover,  
there must be hands enough to man all  
these at once if necessary, the dorymen  
who are not otherwise engaged staying  
with the mastheadman on the foretop  
mast, which instead of having a sail is  
rigged with a number of seats, the top  
one of which is known as the crow's  
nest.

Although we were always well fed,  
we ate no fresh meat during the trip.  
Corned beef, salt horse, "chicken," all  
as smoked herring, and slack salted  
codfish composed our bill of fare in this  
direction. We never cut a swordfish,  
and indeed when I asked one of the  
men who had been catching them for  
years what they tasted like he said he  
believed they were a good deal like hal-  
ibut, but he had never eaten any. Of  
course there is sufficient reason for  
never cutting a swordfish in that the  
average crew could hardly dispose of  
one during an ordinary trip. It seemed  
ridiculous, however, that although we  
were on the finest cod and haddock  
grounds on the coast there was not a  
vestige of a hook or line on board with  
which we might have had fresh fish  
whenever we so elected. It was like  
going to the country to find that farm-  
ers have no cream on the table and  
that their supply of fresh vegetables is  
often inferior to what you can get in  
the city.

The mastheadman and the striker  
are regarded as the two most impor-  
tant persons in swordfishing. They  
are the battery upon whom everything  
else depends. The work of the dory-  
man is the most novel and exciting,  
however. A respectable swordfish runs  
between 10 and 15 feet in length,  
weighing anywhere from 100 to 600  
pounds, and it often takes several  
hours to tire him out, while there is al-  
ways a chance that he may come up  
under your dory and smash a hole  
through the bottom with his sword or  
that you may be lost by the schooner  
in the thick weather.—Boston Cor. Chi-  
cago Inter Ocean.

Old Fashioned.  
McJigger—I see Mr. Barnpaw, the  
circus man, was married the other day.  
That was something of a come down  
for him.  
Tingumbob—Why so?  
McJigger—The wedding was nothing  
but a one ring performance.—Philadel-  
phia Press.

## His One Loss.

Some of the skaters on the London  
Serpentine hire their skates from men  
whose business it is to let them out at  
a certain sum per hour.  
Thackeray once asked one of these  
men whether he had ever lost a pair  
through the omission to exact a depos-  
it, and he replied that he had never  
done so except on one occasion, when  
the circumstances made it almost par-  
donable.

A well dressed young fellow was  
having his second skate fastened on,  
when he suddenly broke away from the  
man's hands and dashed on to the  
ice.  
The next instant a thickset, powerful  
man was clamoring for another pair.  
"I shall nab him now," he cried, "for I  
am a dab at skating!"  
He was a sheriff's officer in pursuit  
of his prey, and a very amusing sight  
it was to watch the chase. The officer  
was, as he had boasted, a first rate  
skater, and it became presently obvi-  
ous that he was running down his  
man. Then the young fellow determin-  
ed to take a desperate risk for liberty.  
The ice, as usual, under the bridge  
was marked "dangerous," and he made  
for it at headlong speed. The ice bent  
beneath his weight, but he got safely  
over. The sheriff's officer followed  
with equal pluck; but, being a heavier  
man, broke through and was drowned.  
"His skates," said the narrator of the  
incident, "I got back after the inquest,  
but those the young man had on I never  
saw again."—Youth's Companion.

## The Kitchen Policeman.

After the young housewife discovers  
that there is considerable difference  
between a leg of lamb and a leg of  
beef she has other surprises in store  
for her. A young married woman on  
the North Side hired her first girl the  
other day, a stout and pretty Irish lass,  
and, finding her both willing and able,  
was delighted with her good fortune.  
So, wishing to be agreeable, she said  
kindly:  
"Mary, if you wish to entertain the  
policeman I shall not object provided  
of course that you do not make it a reg-  
ular habit."

"What do I want with a policeman?"  
demanded the girl indignantly.  
"Why, I thought all you girls did,"  
stammered the lady.  
"You thought wrong," said Mary  
coldly. "I wouldn't have one of them  
in my kitchen, and I've been in service  
ten years, and I never knew a girl that  
cared a snap for them!"  
When Mrs. Younghouse came home  
that night, his wife related this dia-  
logue, and he remarked that this was  
the age for the destruction of mytha.—  
Chicago Tribune.

## Appearance Was Deceitful.

Sir John Barry Duke, the eminent  
psychologist, had once the following  
laughable experience: A sturdy laborer  
was engaged in the grounds of the  
doctor's asylum at Stoughton hall, near  
Edinburgh, and was told to give no at-  
tention whatever to patients who  
might come and speak to him. About  
the middle of the day Dr. Duke came  
to see what progress had been made  
with the work and mildly suggested  
some alterations. The laborer dug on